

## CERTIFIED TRANSLATION

03/21/16 I remember it was Wednesday night in a 13 double-bed cell in the federal prison on the 11th floor, South. M.C.C.NY. That night, Mr. Ever Veloza, Mr. Juan Gennessy, Mr. Samuel Pinedo, Mr. Franklin Sánchez, and Mr. Julio Aristizábal met for dinner. They prepared tuna and had dinner, and everything seemed normal. On Thursday morning, Mr. Franklin complained of severe pain in the abdominal area. We talked to Officer "COLT," and he sent him to the infirmary on another floor. There, he was "treated," given some pills, and diagnosed with food poisoning, which was false. As expected, the medication did not give any positive results. We went back to Officer Karrens. He sent him back to the infirmary. They gave him pain pills and told him that that would be enough. Neither the pain nor the discomfort subsided; on the contrary, they increased. If he tried to eat or eat soup, he would immediately vomit and feel like using the toilet, but he said that nothing would come out. He spent the whole of Thursday in that agony and dawned on Friday worse. If my memory serves me correctly, Officer Castillo sent him to the infirmary. They only renewed the medications they had given him before. In fact, he commented that the nurse or doctor was annoyed that Mr. Franklin did not speak English.

There are no doctors on Sundays. He had to wait until Monday. On Saturday, Dr. Joaquin, who is Hispanic, came up. He saw him and said

I, Juan E. Segarra, USCCI #06-067/translator, certify that the foregoing is a true and accurate translation, to the best of my abilities, of the document in Spanish which I have seen.

Plaintiffs' Production Number 324

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that there were no doctors on Sundays and that he had to wait until Monday. On Saturday, Dr. Joaquín Hispano came up, saw him, and told him to wait until Monday to do some tests. He spent three days in my bed without being able to eat and in a lot of pain. Early Sunday morning, he could not stand the pain anymore and cried, to which we reacted and shouted at the officers on duty. They called the lieutenant and the captain. They came and said they wanted to see the sick man. Mr. Frank could no longer walk on his own feet. It was necessary to carry him. They saw him crying, and that he couldn't even stand up on his own, and still, they didn't take the slightest interest. They said he had to wait until Monday. We took him back to my bed; I had the bottom bed, and he did not. So, for his comfort, I gave it to him. On Sunday, at 10:05, they came to count, and Mr. Franklin was helped to his feet by Alex Cabral, Francisco Gómez, and Carmelo Montilla, who was my bunkie. When the count was over, Mr. Franklin looked very agitated. They laid him down, and suddenly, his whole body contracted; he stiffened. And as he relaxed the tension, he lost his natural color and immediately turned yellow. That was his last breath of life. Mr. Ever Veloza took his pulse and told us that he had died. And he massaged his heart, trying to revive him, but it was useless. While Mr. Ever was doing this, the others called the MS officer "Silvia." She came in and saw what was happening. She pulled us away from the body and called on the radio. In moments, many people arrived with stretchers, and they took us out of the house and locked us in the gym.

03/21/16 They took the body and told us he was alive, that he had just fainted, which we did not believe, because we saw everything. They confiscated all my property and took me away from the others to take three pictures of me and told me that, for better or worse, I was the closest thing to Mr. Franklin. I felt intimidated. Then the guardian came and said that he was in a critical condition, but alive, but we had already confirmed that this was a lie.... Soon, I had my sentence. And they took me out of there.



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I did not ask for the consent of the people I will mention here. So, I ask you to handle this in the best way. Ever Veloza, Juan Gennessy, Julio Aristizábal, Luis Figueroa, Guillermo Roberto, Sandro Suero, Freddy Díaz, Francisco Gómez, Carmelo Montilla, Osvaldo Rivera, Piña Ureña, Juan Lebrón, Juan Quintero, Samuel Pinedo, Johann Domínguez, Luis Riveros, Alex Cabral and many more that I only know their nicknames. Investigate well there in that prison; it is a pigsty. There is a motion that has been sent to several judges. It is about the conditions there: rats, cockroaches, and fruit mosquitoes. There is only one toilet for 26 people, one bathtub for all 26, and only one sink. The medical service is the worst. Not to mention the food; the prisoners themselves prepare it. Everything there is horrible. Here at M, V, CC, we are five witnesses of the facts. If you like, you can come and visit us. I apologize for the spelling mistakes and the ugly handwriting. I also apologize for not calling you on the phone. My economy is not so good. I would like you to inform me of the damages and benefits I am exposing myself to.

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Well, I am afraid that because of my testimony, the government will retaliate or that if they arrest me again, they will abuse their power over me. As you know, most of us come here to look for a better future. And although I say now that I will not go back, I do not have the certainty, as my family and I are having a hard time. If this continues, I will have no choice but to return to the American dream. I hope all this is of some use to you. I wish you luck in this case.

It is a pleasure to greet you. Have a nice day.

See you soon.

For anything else, contact me; I am at your service and in the best disposition to help you. If you cannot locate more witnesses, let me know. I have ten or more.

Receive greetings and a humble present from me.

Leyrani Gómez

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